

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1825.

[NUMBER 57.]

THE REFLECTOR.

"JESUS WEPT."—John xi. xxxv.

How sweet is the tear of regret,
That drops from humanity's eye;
How lovely the cheek that is wet—
The bosom that heaves with a sigh.
This world is a sorrowful stage,
A valley of weeping and woe;
From childhood to garrulous age,
The tear uninvited will flow.

Our own, or another's distress,
Will force the soft luster to fall;
Nor can the mild bosom do less,
Than grieve for the sorrows of all:
For he who has naught to impart,
May at least give the wretched a tear,
'Twill comfort the sorrowful heart,
When no other comfort is near.

The Saviour in sympathy wept,
And gave the divine relief;
When Lazarus mortally slept,
'To his sisters' overwhelmed with grief;
He sorrow'd for Solyma's doom;
As he sat upon Olivet's steep,
He thought of her judgment to come,
And pity constrained him to weep.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

El, longum formose formose, vale, vale, inquit, Iola.

I have passed by and beheld his grave. Yes, the grave of my dear friend, Henry. But a short time ago he enjoyed the best health, and looked forward to a long, happy and useful life. Yes, it was a consoling thought to me, that, when I should be laid in the dust, there would remain one who would mourn for me with the sorrow of a friend. But how soon are all our prospects blasted! Who would have thought, that he was to be taken so soon, who enjoyed all the health and vigor of youth, while I, who am almost wasted away by sickness and grief, live to mourn his death. Certainly, in his sudden death, we may all see how liable we are to be taken away in the bloom of life, and without warning. Possessed of the best disposition and the most feeling heart, he felt for the miseries of man, and, as far as in him lay, endeavored to relieve them. Though possessing the strictest principles of virtue, he knew that man is a fallible being, and, in all his intercourse with mankind, made allowance for this fallibility. He always put the best construction on human actions which they would bear; and, if at any time, he was obliged to censure any for their errors, he discriminated between the crime and the criminal, so that he "spared their persons while he lashed their crime." Having the benevolent feelings of a Howard, he never saw man in being but he administered to his necessities.

"No surly porter stood in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from his gate."

Was a man in distress, he never waited to investigate the cause, before he relieved his wants; that a fellow-creature was in need of his assistance, was an order on his purse, which he never delayed to answer.

All was pleasure and content around him. Wherever he moved, he was saluted with the thanks and expressions of gratitude which flowed spontaneously from the lips of those whom he had relieved and made happy by his munificence. Thus situated, surrounded by every thing that could afford satisfaction to a noble and generous mind, at the early age of twenty-two, he was seized with that fatal disorder which, in the short period of one hour, terminated his mortal existence. I was in a foreign land, travelling for the benefit of my health, and for the restoration of that tranquillity, which had been formerly my constant companion, when I heard the heavy tidings, my friend was no more; for a moment it almost deprived me of thought; I stood stupefied with grief and surprise. At once a thousand indelible sensations crowded into my mind. A stranger in a strange land, I had looked forward with joy to the day when again I should see my native country, and find repose and happiness in the society of my dear Henry. He had been to me more than a brother. Lost as I was from my earliest infancy, his father had taken the charge of my education. In our childhood we had played by the same stream, and under the same tree; we had partaken of the same food, and shared the same bed. We had studied with the same instructor; we had read the same books, and delighted in the same amusements. When grief began to wear upon my constitution, he saw it, and strove to put a stop to its ravages. When the reduced state of my health rendered it necessary for me to travel, he accompanied me to the South; on our return the physicians directed me to visit Europe. We parted as friends who never expect to meet again; in the feeble state of my health rendering it highly improbable that I could ever return. Many were the tears shed on that sorrowful occasion; kneeling down under our favorite tree, he offered up prayers to the great Parent of all, for my safe return, and I bade him adieu. Contrary to all expectation, on my arrival in England, I perceived that a sea-voyage had materially improved my health; after spending a short time in London, I sailed for the south of France, where, in a few months I apparently regained my usual health and spirits. Looking forward to the time when I should revisit the land of my birth, and anticipating the highest earthly enjoyment in once more meeting my friend, and pressing him to my bosom, I was on the eve of sailing

for New-York, when I received a letter which informed me that I had no longer a friend. Like an electric shock it thrilled through my inmost soul, and bringing on my former complaint, had well nigh terminated my journey of life. However, in a few weeks I so far recovered as to be able to leave that land of strangers, and after a pleasant voyage I again found myself in America. Not at home, for a home "remained not for me." And now, without a friend to protect me from the thousand dangers of life, or to soothe my grief, my only happiness is in thinking of him, and visiting and weeping over his tomb.

But, methinks, I hear him speaking from the skies: "Sooth" (says he) "your troubled spirit. Mourn not for me, and weep not that you are left alone. The stormy sea of life will soon be crossed, and then you will meet me in the realms of endless joy, where sighing and sorrow shall be done away, and the weary shall be eternally at rest. Then you will receive great reward, and look back on your pilgrimage with unspeakable delight. Console yourself with the reflection, that your departed friend is far happier than he would have been, had he remained on earth; and although to you it is loss, to him it is gain." Roused from my melancholy reflections by his words, I resolved not to resign myself to despair and grief, but to wait with patience till that same Gracious Being, who first caused me to exist, and has ever supported me, and bestowed on me so many unmerited blessings, shall, in his infinite mercy, see fit to put an end to my sorrows, and call me to this world of sin and trouble, and remove me to the blest realms of everlasting day.

MISCELLANY.

EXTRACTS FROM

MR. SPRAGUE'S ORATION,

DELIVERED AT BOSTON, JULY 4, 1825.

"Why, on this day, lingers along these sacred walls the spirit-kindling anthem? Why, on this day, waits the herald of God at the altar, to utter forth his holy prayer? Why, on this day, congregate here the wise, and the good, and the beautiful of the land?—Fathers! Friends! it is the SABBATH DAY OF FREEDOM! The race of the ransomed, with grateful hearts and exulting voices, have again come up, in the sunlight of peace, to the Jubilee of their independence!"

"The story of our country's sufferings, our country's triumphs, though often and eloquently told, is still a story that cannot tire, and must not be forgotten. You will listen to its recital, however unadorned; and I shall not fear, therefore, even from the place where your chosen ones have so long stood, to delight and enlighten, I shall not fear to address you. Though I tell you no new thing, I speak of that which can never fall coldly on your ears. You will listen, for you are the sons and daughters of the heroic men, who lighted the beacon of 'rebellion,' and unfurled, by its blaze, the triumphant banner of liberty; your own blood will speak for me. A feeble few of that intrepid band are now among you, yet spared by the grave for your veneration; they will speak for me. Their sinking forms, their bleached locks, their honorable scars—these will, indeed, speak for me. Undaunted men! how must their dim eyes brighten, and their old hearts grow young with rapture, as they look around on the happiness of their own creation. Long may they remain, our glad and grateful gaze, to teach us all, that we may treasure all of the hour of doubt and danger; and when their God shall summon them to a glorious rest, may they bear to their departed comrades the confirmation of their country's renown, and their children's felicity."

"Roll back the tide of time: how powerfully to us applies the promise, 'I will give the heathen for an inheritance.' Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dog his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles on you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wild and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedge lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler, that never left its native grove;

in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in the clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

"And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain, but how unlike their bold, unamed, untameable progenitors! The Indian, of falcon glance, and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is upon his neck.

"As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-ry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

"To the Pious, who, in this desert region, built a city of refuge, little less than to the BRAVE, who round that city reared an impregnable wall of safety, we owe the blessings of this day. To enjoy, and to perpetuate religious freedom, the sacred herald of civil liberty, they deserted their native land, where the foul spirit of persecution was up in its fury, and where mercy had long wept at the enormities perpetrated in the abused names of Jehovah and Jesus. 'Resist unto blood!' blind zealots had found in the bible, and lamentably, indeed, did they fulfil the command. With 'Thus saith the Lord,' the engines of cruelty were set in motion, and many a martyr-spirit, like the ascending prophet from Jordan's bank, escaped in fire to heaven.

"It was in this night of time, when the incubus of bigotry sat heavy on the human soul—When crown and crosser ruled a coward world, And mental darkness o'er the nations curled—When, wrapt in sleep, earth's torpid children lay, Hugged their vile chains, and dreamed their age away—

"'Twas then, by faith impelled, by freedom fired, By hope supported, and by God inspired—'Twas then the Pilgrims left their fathers' graves, To seek a HOME beyond the waste of waves; And where it rose, all rough and wintry, HERE, They swelled devotion's song, and dropped devotion's tear.

"Can we sufficiently admire the firmness of this little brotherhood, thus self-banished from their country? Unkind and cruel, it was true, but still their country? There they were born, and there, where the lamp of life was lighted, they had hoped it would go out. There a father's hand had led them, a mother's smile had warmed them. There were the haunts of their boyish days, their kinsfolk, their friends, their recollections, their all. Yet all was left; even while their heartsstrings bled at the parting, all was left; and a stormy sea, a savage waste, and a fearful destiny, were encountered—for HEAVEN, and for YOU."

"And now, it is no vain speech, to say, the eyes of the world have been long upon us. For nearly fifty years we have run the glorious race of empire. Friends have gazed in fear, and foes in scorn; but fear is lost in joy, and scorn is turning to wonder. The great experiment has succeeded. Mankind behold the spectacle of a land, whose crown is wisdom, whose mitre is purity, whose heraldry is talent; a land, where public sentiment is supreme, and where every man may erect the pyramid of his own fair fame. They behold, they believe, and they will imitate. The day is coming, when thrones can no longer be supported by parchment rolls. It is not a leaf of writing, signed and sealed by three frail, mortal men, that can forever keep down suffering millions; these will rise! they will point to another scroll; to that, of whose bold signers our THREE* remain; our THREE, whose 'alliance' was, indeed, a 'holy' one, for it met the approving smile of a Holy God!

"Magg must suffer defeat, and many must taste of death, but freedom's battle will be fought and won. As heaven unbinds the intellect of man, his own right arm will rescue his body. Liberty will yet walk abroad in the gardens of Europe. Her hand will pluck the grapes of the south, her eye will arm the snow-

* John Adams, James Carroll, Thomas Jefferson—the surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence.

drifts of the north. The crescent will go down in blood, from that "bright clime of battle and of song," for which He died, that noble Briton, and warrior-bard, who raised his generous arm like LA FAYETTE, who struck his golden lyre to La Fayette's great LEADER!

"And to this young land will belong the praise. The struggling nations point to our example, and in their own tongues repeat the cheering language of our sympathy. Already, when a master-spirit towers among them, they call him their WASHINGTON. Along the foot of the Andes, they breathe in gratitude the name of CLAY—by the ivy-buried ruins of Parthenon, they bless the eloquence of WEBSTER!"

"I would not, for I need not, use the language of inflation; but the decree has gone forth; and as sure as the blue arch of creation is beauty above us, so sure will it span the mightiest dominion that ever shook the earth. Imagination cannot outstrip reality, when it contemplates our destinies as a people. Where nature slept in her solitary loneliness, villages, and cities, and states, have smiled into being. A gigantic nation has been born. Labor and art are adorning, and science is exalting, the land that religion sanctified, and liberty redeemed. From the shores to the mountains, from the regions of frost to the valleys of eternal spring, myriads of bold and understanding men are uniting to strengthen a government of their own choice, and perpetuate the institutions of their own creation.

"The germe wafted over the ocean, has struck its deep root in the earth, and raised its high head to the clouds.

Man looked in scorn, but Heaven beheld, and blessed! Its branchy glories, spreading o'er the West. No summer gaude, the wonder of a day, Born but to bloom, and then to fade away, A giant oak, it lifts its lofty form, Greens in the sun, and strengthens in the storm. Long in its shade shall children's children come, And welcome earth's poor wanderers to a home. Long shall it live, and every blast defy, Till time's last whirlwind sweep the vaulted sky."

THE MAELSTROM WHIRLPOOL.

Letter from a gentleman in Washington to the Hon. A. B. Woodward, Judge of Middle Florida.

This wonderful phenomenon, that has excited the wonder and astonishment of the world, I have seen. There are few of my countrymen who have had the opportunity, in consequence of the situation of it being remote from any part of commerce. Its latitude and longitude I do not exactly recollect. It is situated between two islands, belonging to a group, off the coast of Norway, called the Low-instaff Islands, between Drontheim, (being the most northern port of commerce,) and the North Cape. I suppose the latitude to be about 69 north, but will not be certain.

I had occasion, some years since, to navigate a ship from the North Cape to Drontheim, nearly all the way between the islands or rocks and the main. On inquiring of my Norway pilot, about the practicability of running near the whirlpool, he told me that with a good breeze it could be approached near enough for examination, without danger. I at once determined to satisfy myself. We began to near it about 10, A. M. in the month of September, with a fine leading wind N. W. Two good seamen were placed at the helm, the mate on the quarter-deck, all hands at their stations for working ship, and the pilot standing on the bowsprit, between the night-heads. I went on the main-top-sail yard, with a good glass. I had been seated but a few moments, when my ship entered the dish of the whirlpool; the velocity of the water altered her course 3 points towards the centre, although she was going 8 knots through the water. This alarmed me extremely; for a moment I thought that destruction was inevitable. She, however, answered her helm sweetly, and we ran along the edge, the waves foaming round us in every form, while she was dancing gaily over them. The sensations I experienced, are difficult to describe. Imagine to yourselves an immense circle running round, of a diameter of one and a half miles, the velocity increasing as it approximated towards the centre, and gradually changing its dark blue color to white—foaming, tumbling, rushing, to its vortex; very much concave, as much so as the water in a tunnel when half run out; the noise too, hissing, roaring, dashing—all pressing on the mind at once, presented the most awful, grand, solemn, sight, I ever experienced.

We were near it about 18 minutes, and in sight of it two hours. It is evidently a subterranean passage, that leads, the Lord knows where. From its magnitude, I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships, were they drawn in at the same moment.—The pilot says that several vessels have been sucked down, and that whales have also been destroyed. The first I think probable enough, but I rather doubt the latter.

I have thus, sir, given you a lame, but a true account. If hereafter I can occupy a leisure hour in detailing scenes and circumstances within my own knowledge, in the course of twenty-two years voyaging, I shall be happy, and will be amply repaid by the consciousness that I have contributed to add one moment's pleasure to a gentleman I so highly respect and esteem.

Michigan Herald.

MEDICAL.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

BLADENSBURG, JULY 10, 1825.

To the Hon. Joseph Kent, M. D.

DEAR SIR: The heat of the weather in the latter part of last month, has already brought about a number of cases of Dysentery, which is unusually early for the appearance of this disease. It is more apt, as you know, to appear in autumn, or the last summer month, and more particularly after dry and sultry weather. If I do not mistake you are well acquainted with this horrid disorder, having been remarkable for your successful treatment of it, as I recollect often to have heard some years ago when you were actively engaged in the practice of Medicine. Few diseases have led to a greater contrariety of practice than this; in every instance I presume founded upon opposite theories as to the remote and proximate causes. It must be viewed, however, as a remarkable fact, that, in those particular instances and seasons of the year that dispose the system to bilious disorders, dysenteries are apt to ensue; and it is quite likely that the remote causes of both complaints are the same. It is certain, however, that in most cases of dysentery, which have fallen under my observation, a considerable degree of hepatic derangement has been very evident, and the functions of that important viscus, the liver, morbidly affected. But, whatever idea may be entertained of the remote or the proximate causes of dysentery, one thing is very certain, that the villous coat of the large intestine, is in a state of considerable inflammation, attended with fever, and all the well known distressing train of symptoms that take place from obstinate constriction.

Most practitioners discern two stages of the disease; in the early stage I have generally used the lancet with the best effect, together with free and copious purging, for which purpose I have found nothing to compare with calomel together with antimonial diaphoretics. Viewing dysentery as presenting an inflamed state of the lower intestines, I have been led to adopt a practice predicated upon that view, which, although novel in a great degree, has been attended in every instance with the most certain success. I use very COLD WATER, (rendered so even by ice,) thrown up the bowels in form of an enema, every half hour. This course, in some instances, I have directed to be continued for twenty-four hours or more without intermission. The effect has more than equalled my expectations. Every distressing symptom is speedily alleviated, the tenesmus subsides, the fever abates, and the dejections assume a better aspect. I would not be understood as depending upon this remedy alone, but as part of the plan of cure it has proved of infinite advantage in every instance where I have employed it. This practice appears to me to be sanctioned by the soundest reason; for, if the gut be topically affected with heat and inflammation, what, let me ask, can be more likely to allay that inflammation than bathing the inflamed coats of the intestine with cold water? We use it to inflamed eyes and other parts, then why not the bowels? Nor has cold water, thus applied to the lower intestines, at any time forbid me the use of all the other remedies commonly employed. I bleed, I give calomel with other purges, I use diaphoretics, the warm bath, or whatever the particular symptoms may at the moment call for, without any interruption to the injections of cold water. And here I will just stop to remark, how often have I witnessed in the course of my professional career, the sufferings from thirst in ardent fevers; when the unhappy patient, parched with heat and draught, would give a kingdom if he owned it, for a draught of cold water. This, by many too fastidious physicians, is cruelly denied him, for what good reason I know not, and warm insipid teas, at which his stomach revolts, urged in its stead.

In a course of twenty years practice, I can assure you, sir, I have never, in any instance, seen injury from an indulgence in cold water under such circumstances; on the contrary, the good effects of it have often been strikingly apparent, and I always allow it, unless, indeed, some medicine may have been taken which might forbid drinking it for the time. It is to be hoped, that the day is not distant, when old dogmas, medical as well as political, will yield to the good sense of mankind—when reason shall stand forth disenthralled from the fetters of old prejudices and habits. But to return. I am very much inclined to think that too much dependence in dysentery is often placed upon opium, and that it is generally resorted to too early in the disease. The temporary ease it procures is delusive, while the inflammatory diathesis is heightened by its stimulating as well as its costive influence. Sydenham seems to have regarded it merely as a tranquilizer: for he expressly says, "Ut scilicet symptomatum ferocem debellaret, atque inducias impetraret, dum cum humore peccante exterminando ipsi res esset." It would hold, by means of opium, a sort of truce with the disorder until he could resume more potent remedies.

The idea of using Cold Water in dysentery first occurred to me in the summer of 1823. I directed its use, with ice, in the case of an interesting little boy, the grandson of Mr. Davis, formerly innkeeper in Washington. This child was extremely ill, and I almost despaired of him, but he recovered. I have prescribed it since with undeviating success in many cases, in conjunction with other remedies. Very recently, I have given it a perfect trial in the case of Mrs. Gault, of your neighborhood, whose little sons were dangerously ill with this disease, but which has happily yielded to the

remedies employed. It has seldom, however, fallen to the lot of a physician to have his prescriptions and directions attended to with so much promptitude and punctuality, directed by so much intelligence and understanding, as the lady just mentioned displayed in her parental attentions to those little boys who, I am happy to tell you, are now getting well. It would afford me much pleasure to receive your sentiments upon the subject towards which I have drawn your attention. Whatever may tend to lessen the measure of human misery, will not fail to interest you.

I am, with great respect and esteem, your obedient servant,

W. BAKER.

Garlic.—A writer in the Cincinnati Advertiser, says,—"I feel it a duty which I owe the public, to make known the following, believing, as I do, that much good may result from the knowledge of a simple medicine for the removal of worms from children and others: A few cents' worth of English garlic, sliced and put into a quart of whiskey, a tea-spoonful of which is to be given to small children, each morning; this quantity may be varied according to age. This medicine has, to my knowledge, been effectual in removing that dangerous complaint, in my own family and others, where it has been used for nearly 20 years."

A Remedy for Burns.—A friend informs us, that equal parts of lime-water and sweet oil mixed and incorporated, will form a kind of soap, which makes an excellent application for burns. He says it is very efficacious in taking out the inflammation, as well as for healing the wounds caused either by bumps or scalds.

N. E. F.

An infallible receipt for killing Bugs and Fleas.—Sprinkle or wash the rooms and bed-rooms with common salt and water, and these troublesome insects will entirely disappear.

White Veils injurious.—White veils, now so much worn, have a tendency to increase sunburns and freckles, by their increasing the intensity of the sun's light. They are also very injurious to the eyes, and will in a short time spoil the freshest, and dim the most brilliant. Green is the only color which should be worn as a summer veil.—*Medical Adviser.*

TOURNAISON.

From the *Archipelago*.—Captain HORTON, who arrived at Boston on the 26th ult. in the *Friendship* from Smyrna, informs, that in the Gulf of Aden he was boarded by a Grecian gun-boat, which he supplied with provisions.—That off the island of Mytilene, he saw a Grecian fleet of 42 sail, steering into the Gulf of Sanderli for provisions, and was boarded by three of them; that they reported, the *Constantinople* fleet to be lying in the Dardanelles, and that they had taken a 20 gun brig and a schooner;—that on the 2d May, off Candia, he saw a fleet of fifty sail, in chase of a Grecian fleet of 45 sail, standing for the Gulf of Patras, and supposed that they had an engagement the night before and another the night after, as a heavy cannonading was heard on both nights.—*Bus. Cent.*

ZANTE, May 14.
The Greeks are once more victorious; both officers and men have contributed another page to the history of the regeneration of Greece. Peter Mavromichalis, Mavrocordato, (whom the Oriental Spectator wished to render suspected,) Constantine Botaris, Anagnostaras, Andrew Metaxas, and a crowd of brave Greeks, after having overcome the Egyptians who landed in the I. Ilioponnesus, had succeeded in driving them on board the squadron, near Modon, and in which Ibrahim Pacha, reduced to despair, proposed to embark from so fatal a country. His vessels then anchored at the island of Sapienza, accordingly, on the 10th, drew near to land, and the whole of the 11th was occupied in taking all the troops, wounded, and baggage, they possibly could. On account of a N. W. wind, blowing in his teeth, Admiral Miaulis was not able to impede their manœuvres; but the wind having abated, and shifting to the south, the Heros of Greece, Constantine Canaris, who commanded the vanguard in a fire-ship, in the middle of the night sailed into the midst of the Egyptian fleet, and it was soon perceived that he had succeeded in grappling with the frigate of the enemy's. Two other fire-ships were equally fortunate, and the fire having spread, the conflagration illuminated Cabrera, the Greek Island Sapienza, and the precipices of Mount Egeleus. The sight now became truly terrible; on all sides were seen vessels grappling, running foul, flying, and sinking, mingled with the shrieks of soldiers and sailors in the burning vessels. Several ships, however, succeeded in gaining the open sea, and it is from six damaged transports just arrived in our port, that we received the first news of the grand disaster experienced by the Mahometans, whose loss is estimated to amount to nearly seventy vessels, wrecked, burnt and sunk. The coast was covered with fires, and it was thought that Ibrahim Pacha had perished in this frightful catastrophe.

Ibrahim previous to this engagement, offered to capitulate, on condition of giving up the fortresses of Coron and Modon; but the Greeks were not willing to suffer him to escape on such easy terms. The traitor Odysseus, abandoned by his soldiers, it was expected would share the fate of Colocotroni and the other factious chieftains. The defeat of Redschid Pacha at Anatolia, and the burning of the Egyptian fleet on the night of the 12th of May, are confirmed beyond all reach of doubt.

ONESSA, May 20.

We have accounts that thirteen transports, bound to the Egyptian fleet have been captured by the Greeks at Mytilene. Constantinople letters to the fifteenth mention, "that the vessel of the Captain Pacha narrowly escaped being burnt, owing to the bad organization of her crew."

NEW-YORK, July 20.

The *Queen Mab*, from Havre, has brought Paris dates to the 14th June. They corroborate, or rather reiterate, the accounts of the late Greek victories by sea and land. The former accounts reported, that a great naval action had been fought off Modon, as seen by an Austrian vessel, but of which the weather prevented obtaining particulars. It is now stated, that on the 11th May, the Greek fleet fell in with the Egyptian squadron.—That the brave CANARIS, leading the Greeks in a fire-ship, was so fortunate as to attach himself to one of the Egyptian frigates,—that following his example, two other fire-ships attached themselves to other vessels, and that in this way fire was communicated to the whole fleet of which more than sixty vessels were

burnt, sunk, or run ashore; and it was thought that IBRAHIM PACHA had perished in this dreadful battle. A *Leghorn* letter of May 30th announces, that "An official account of the great victory obtained by the Greeks near Navarino, has been published at Hydra." It is added, that the traitor ODYSSEUS had been delivered up to the Greek Government.

PARIS, June 11.

We learn from Bordeaux that Generals La Serna and Valdes are still in that city. There is no mention made of their return to Spain; but it is generally supposed that before they decide upon crossing the Pyrenees, they wish to know if their conduct in Peru will be made a subject of enquiry at Madrid; and as there can be no doubt but that the Spanish Government will demand some explanation respecting the capitulation of Ayacucho, these gentlemen are not likely to enter Spain for some time. The cargo of the ship *Ernestine* is estimated at ten millions. Valdes and his companions in arms frightened it completely. The riches brought by these officers, who are about 40 in number, consist principally of ingots of gold and silver. One of the ingots of gold alone, which was presented at the Custom-House of Bordeaux, was found to weigh 320 lbs. from which its value may be said to be about 500,000 francs.

CHARLES X. on his Coronation distributed 800 Croixes of the Legion of Honor, of which more than 700 were bestowed on non-commissioned officers and privates.—To those who know how exclusively such honors are confined to commissioned officers in the British and American services, it will appear extraordinary, that in an almost absolute Monarchy marks of distinction are conferred on humble merit; while under a government which is boasted of as the most liberal in Europe, and another wholly republican, humble merit should almost entirely be overlooked.

The French papers to the last date, were almost exclusively occupied with Coronation anecdotes, and descriptions. It was asserted, that more than 100,000 artists, painters and hand-craftsmen were employed for more than two months, in furnishing carriages, regalia, and trappings for the Nobility and Gentry, foreign and domestic, to be displayed on the occasion; and that many of the sons and daughters of the Arts made competencies, if not fortunes, by their jobs. So true is it, they added, that "private luxury is public utility." They described the Coronation Coach as one of the most matchless and superb samples of elegance and art ever produced even by Paris workshops. The paintings, sculpture, and gilding, were stated to be essays of young artists which astonished the beholders of the old school; all the iron work to be ingeniously concealed; not a nail nor a screw being to be seen; the coach opening without any visible hinges;—and the artists appearing as much delighted with their work as the owners in possessing them.

Among other discoveries recently made in the interior of Africa, by Lieut. Clapperton, after successfully exploring the wilds where Mungo Park lost his life, is the Journal, or part of the Journal of that celebrated traveller when he last attempted to discover the source of the Niger. This will be an invaluable prize.

DOMESTIC.

Columbia Republican Extra,

Hudson, July 20, 1825.

Destructive Fire.—It is our melancholy duty to announce to our friends abroad, the occurrence of a very destructive fire, which broke out last evening in the most populous part of our city. The particulars as far as we could gather them, at 3 o'clock A. M. are as follows:—

The fire broke out between 8 and 9 o'clock in a stable occupied by Mr. Amiel Barnard, situated on Cherry-alley, in rear of a house on Union-st. belonging, we believe, to the assignees of the late Bank of Hudson; from thence it spread north to the wool warehouse and sabbath factory of Mr. Jonathan Scott, to the dwelling house of the same gentleman, and the buildings adjoining, across Warren-st. Prison-alley, and to the house of Mr. Richard Macy. We have enumerated the buildings destroyed, as follows:—

On Cherry-alley.—One wool warehouse, one sabbath weaving factory, and nine barns. Warren-street, South Side.—The dwelling house of Mr. Slotts, with a sabbath weaving factory immediately adjoining; one belonging to the estate of David Lawrence, Esq. ceased; the old building formerly occupied as the Bee printing-office, a dwelling and a grocery, all belonging to the estate of the late Ezekiah Dayton, and a brick dwelling house belonging to Reuben Moore, occupied by Capt. Edward Jenkins.

Warren-street, North Side.—Two dwelling houses occupied by J. Hathaway, Esq.—a belonging to Doct. John Tallman; one owned by Mrs. Lindsey; one owned by Mr. Hubbard, occupied as a shoe store and dwelling house; and one belonging to the estate of the late Abisha Barnard, and occupied by S. Padcock, with out houses attached to each.

Diamond-street.—The dwelling house of Mr. Richard Macy. We have only time for a single remark in relation to this terrible calamity. At one time we trembled for the safety of the whole city—we expected, fearfully expected, that its termination would leave us a heap of ruins; but thanks to an overruling Providence, its devastating career, was checked, next to which we owe it to the activity of our firemen and citizens, aided by the enterprising company from Athens, and especially do we owe our preservation to the Nantucket fashion of building brick gables and wooden fronts to the tenements. We will not hazard an opinion as to the amount of property destroyed. It is thought by many to be the work of an incendiary.

Afflicting Occurrence.—On Wednesday week, a Mr. Hotchkiss, from Paris, Onedja Co. N. Y. accompanied by two ladies in a wagon, was descending the hill leading to the Ferry at Black Rock; from some cause the horse became frightened, and upsetting the wagon, precipitated all three against a pile of sharp stones, and, melancholy to relate, killed one of the ladies, broke the jaw of the other, and injured the skull of Mr. Hotchkiss so much, that his life is despaired of.

Casualties.—Mr. Jeremiah Crocker, of this city, was accidentally drowned, on Saturday, the 23d ult. while bathing in Connecticut river opposite this city. His body was not found till the next morning. Mr. C. was highly esteemed by all who knew him; he has left a wife and several children to lament his untimely exit.

The same day a black man, in attempting to swim the Connecticut, on a wager, when about midway the river, suddenly sunk, and was drowned.—*Hartford (Conn.) Mercury.*

In Reading, (Penn.) a girl 10 or 12 years of age, has been imprisoned on a charge of drowning two of her master's children.

From the United States Gazette.
CELEBRATION
Of the 49th page in the volume of American Independence, 1825.

After the forms were washed, San, the devil, and I, stood up to a luxurious repast, tastefully arranged upon the following toasts:—

The United States of America. A form of twenty-four, worked sheet-wise—may no dur be upon its borders.

The President of the United States. Justified by his conscience; looked up in integrity; God alone can be his ruler, but the people must be his guide.

The State of Pennsylvania. A good body with a foul head-line.

The Army. Their reference was the dagger, and they ranged point blank—the line firm.

The Navy. The waves that buoyed it, enabled it to bear the press.

Georgia. May the Governor's speech to the legislature undergo a revise, and he be placed in the shoe.

La Fayette. We have had the proof, the revise, and the additional revise!—may he be received into the great found above!

Benjamin Franklin. Brought up at our bar! Ho distinguished himself at the bars of Europe. If not a good composer, he at least possessed the power of bringing other men's brains into their proper cases.

David Rittenhouse. We look upon him as a Star, more brilliant than his errory over shown—may the milky path be his guiding line to honor.

The memory of Fisher Ames. A beautiful letter of the under case—early removed to the place where genuine merit needs no title page!

Isaiah Thomas. The oldest printer of this sheet of twenty-four—his last page has no need of errata.

Dr. Faust. What was originally impressed upon an original mind, is now distributed with the velocity of a fly to every section of the globe.

The Fair Sex. Locked up in our arms, we find indeed that though enemies are absent, we are not pressed!

After the thirteen toasts were drank, Samuel proposed the following:

Gen. Jackson. The stuffing of his balls at New-Orleans, showed he knew how to "work-off" the foe.

My own toast—John Jay. A letter long, violently abused, but of malle not to be injured by battering.

By the Devil. Stronger ley, better brushes, and more quads to my pages of holidays!

[The company, that is, the Devil, Sam, and I, got home without molesting the watch.]

URNOUS.—The north part of the city of Boston has recently been disturbed by a mob. By enquiry we learn, (says the Boston Statesman,) that on Saturday night last, about 12 o'clock, about sixty persons surrounded a couple of houses in North-street, occupied by Cyrian families of no little celebrity, and simultaneously commenced an attack upon the doors and windows. Having stove the doors and broken the windows, they made forcible entrance, demolished the furniture and turned the females into the street. They next proceeded to another house across the street and acted over the same scenes. The rioters then marched to the common and were dismissed. On Tuesday evening, an establishment in Prince-street, called the Bee-Hive, consisting of a large wooden house in front, a brick house in its rear, and a string of ten foot wooden tenements still further in the rear, were attacked in the same manner. The whole front of the front building was torn down with fire hooks, and the doors, windows, furniture and partitions, in the other tenements, were destroyed. The Police exerted themselves in vain to disperse the mob. Our worthy City Marshal made a speech to the riotous assemblage, but was shewn only with the contents of a football bed shaken over his defenceless head. The Charley met with a still success—some of them got disrobed, and one stripped almost to a state of nudity. Since the affair, many disturbed demasels have been seen crossing the mill-dam with bundles under their arms, sorrowfully wending their way "to some remote place and milder sky." Nathaniel Holden, James Crawley, and John Nourse, were yesterday brought before the Police Court, for examination, charged with being concerned in this riot, and were ordered to recognise, with sureties, in the sum of \$500 each, for their appearance at the Municipal Court in August, to answer to the charge.

Remarkable Shot.—A singular accident happened one day last week, in Moscow, in the effect of a gunshot. A young man shot a cat with a rifle ball of which, after completely performing its purpose upon the cat, hit a rail in a fence at some distance, which only changed its direction, and passing on struck a Mr. Simons, who happened to be in an adjoining field, in the mouth, broke out three of his teeth, cut off a piece of his tongue, and finally lodged in his neck. The ball was extracted by Dr. Dissell, of Moscow, and we understand that the man is in a fair way to recover.—*Journal Rep.*

Literary Imposition.—The tenth volume of Wheaton's Reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States is just published.—It is a moderately thin octavo volume, printed with large type, "a neat rivulet of text in a meadow of margin," for which the enormous price of seven dollars is asked! and asked with full confidence that it must be paid, as the members of the profession must buy the only book that contains the decisions of the highest tribunal in the nation. The extent of this imposition will be better understood, when it is stated, that the whole of the matter contained in this seven dollar book, printed in the style of the North American Review, (the excellence of which is well known,) would liberally pay the publisher at two dollars per copy, if 2000 copies were sold.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

The late Dr. STEVENS, of Philadelphia, has left \$1000 for the education of the Deaf and Dumb; \$500 to the Orphan Asylum; \$350 to the Philadelphia Dispensary; and conditionally, \$500 to furnish money to discharged convicts, to maintain them for a few days after getting out of prison, and while seeking employment.

Remarkable Fecundity.—The lady of a Scottish baronet, the governess, the French maid, the chambermaid, were all severely and suddenly delivered, in one week, of five chop-wood boys. The striking similarity of features observable in the whole of this rising generation, has excited more interest than was expected.

Scottish paper.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1825.

CUMBERLAND & OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY.—The Managers of this Lottery have given public notice, that, owing to circumstances beyond their control, the drawing of the **THIRD CLASS** in the *Experimental Scheme*, will not take place until the 27th of this month.

SAXONY SHEEP.—A flock of these valuable animals, consisting of one hundred and thirty-eight, was sold at auction, in Brighton, (Mass.) on the fourteenth of last month. The highest price given was three hundred and forty dollars; and the lowest twenty-three dollars—the average price for the whole flock, one hundred and sixty. There have been several of this kind of sheep imported into Massachusetts and Connecticut the year past. They are said to produce wool much superior in quality, and more in quantity than the *Merino Sheep*, which were all the rage some ten years since, in this quarter. Many an honest man then got bit, not by the sheep, but by those sharpers who sold them.—We would not be understood to depreciate their value as an improvement to our flocks, but they were sold much higher than their intrinsic worth.—We hope that our farmers will not again venture too far into speculations of this kind; many of them we know will not, as their fingers are yet sore. "A burnt child dreads the fire."

DYSENTERY.—In another part of our paper will be found an article on dysentery, from Doct. BAKER, an eminent physician, of *Bladenburg*, (Vir.) As the season is near at hand when we may expect this almost fatal disease to appear amongst us, especially if the warm and dry weather continues, we thought we could not do a greater service to our readers, than to copy it into our columns. Our physicians, no doubt, will give it that consideration it deserves. We know that there are various opinions with Medical gentlemen respecting this disorder; and we should be amongst the last of the community to accuse them, in their practice, under the imposing name of *improvement*. But, certainly their modes of treatment are very different, and in some cases entirely so, from what it was some twenty years ago.

COURAGE IF NOT PRESUMPTION.—A Mr. White, surgeon, of Brighton, (Eng.) was, a few months since, bitten by a mad dog. The wound was suffered to heal, contrary to the usual practice in such cases. Mr. White has always been of the opinion, that a dog could not, by his bite, infuse the poison into a human being so as to produce the hydrophobia. He is still confident in his opinion, and says, "I may die," and "the worms may eat me,"—but not of "hydrophobia." He will certainly have an opportunity of trying the experiment, if the dog was really mad. Imagination however, may do much to increase the disorder in certain people who have been bitten by rabid animals.

MORTALITY.—The deaths in New-York city, during the week ending on the 16th of July, were one hundred and ninety-seven! This number is sixty more than ever before happened in that city, in the same term of time. It is very sickly in Boston, owing, probably, to the extreme heat of the weather.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.—Seventy-nine thousand ship letters were received at the Post-office in New-York, during the quarter ending the 30th of June last. At two cents each, which is charged in addition to the regular postage, they would amount to the sum of one thousand, five hundred and eighty dollars. Many of them no doubt were to be delivered at the New-York Post-office, where six cents each is taxed.

A SMALL MISTAKE.—We noticed a paragraph in the *New-England Mercury*, stating that the Missionary Society of Maine, had sold one hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of the land bequeathed to it by the late Doct. JOHN WINGATE, of Hallowell. We suspect it was fifteen hundred dollars, which alters the case a little in the funds of the Society.

ASTRONOMICAL GUESSING.—The Editor of the *American Patriot* presages, that Gov. Parris, our present Chief Magistrate, is about to place himself in a "condition not to exercise the office of Governor," if elected to that important office. We have no gift in foretelling future events, not having been brought up to predicting eclipses, and other astronomical incidents. But for ought we can discover, with our feeble optics, he will be elected; and discharge the duties of that office "yet another year." It may be, however, the Editor of the *Patriot* looks through a glass—by which he has the advantage of us.

MORE EDITORIAL TROUBLES.—Our readers will perceive by the following communication, that we have again got ourselves into difficulty, by making an editorial remark on the toast given by John L. Megquier, Esq. at the late celebration of Independence at New-Gloucester. We can hardly conceive how our friend "CIMON" can make out that we charged Mr. Megquier with the "crime of copying the precise words of Gen. La Fayette," when we said, "the gentleman had the honor of copying the precise words of Gen. La Fayette." We have "no private pique," for we never saw the gentleman, to our knowledge, nor has his growing fame given us any serious alarms. We have "no political aversion" to the gentleman whatever, nor does his toast "grate upon our ears;" and we are at a loss to think how CIMON can suppose that we should wish to "sport with the feelings" of any man. But this we do consider "right and just," that whenever a gentleman makes remarks in public, they are fair topics or subjects for remark. Whether Mr. Megquier wished to palm that toast upon the

assembly as his own, or whether he could not find any words that suited him so well, by which to communicate his sentiments at the time, we do not pretend to say—neither do we care; for we do not, perhaps, make so much of an idol of Gen. La Fayette, nor think so highly of the gentleman at New-Gloucester, as some others. And we should be extremely sorry to "damp" the noble mind of the gentleman; nor do we wish to cast "unmerited aspersions" upon him or any other person. We must agree, however, with our friend CIMON, that "this toast was very appropriate," as it is probable the gentleman had been absent from New-Gloucester, two or three months, and at the enormous distance of twenty-five miles! Had this similarity between him and the "Nation's Guest," been known to us at the time we penned the paragraph, of which CIMON complains, we would have been silent, and thanked our stars, for being born in the same country with Mr. Megquier.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash;
'Twas mine, 'tis his and has been slave to thousands;
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which nothing can enrich him,
But makes me poor indeed."

Newspapers are sometimes made the medium of ridicule and invective. Groundless insinuations of base import are admitted into their columns, to gratify private pique or personal resentment. The political tenets of a man are often deemed a sufficient butt against which to aim the shafts of calumny. Some Editors may perhaps publish the scurrilous communications of their Correspondents to provoke replication, and thus give interest to their paper. There are, however, few gentlemen of literary attainments, and unblemished character, who would debase themselves by such unequal conflict; and who would not suffer such barbarous bugatelle to pass in silent contempt? Let the press lash the vices and faults of mankind; but let it hold their virtues sacred.

The press be an Angel our faults to record,
Our vices to punish, our virtues reward.

Unmerited aspersions, disseminated in our public prints, serve to damp the noblest minds. Such winds, actuated by worthy motives, and capable of noble deeds, ought rather to be encouraged than cramped. These observations have been elicited by remarks, published in the *Observer* of the 21st ultimo, and probably extracted from the pages of the successor of the pure and undefiled Statesman, late of Portland, deceased. These remarks had reference to a toast given by John L. Megquier, Esq. on the fourth of July last, at New-Gloucester. He is there charged with the crime of "copying the precise words of Gen. La Fayette." The author of these remarks was blessed with too much stupidity to observe, that while this toast was very appropriate to the occasion, it was at the same time, bestowing upon our Country's Guest a high compliment, by borrowing his sentiments to express our own. In all, except the by-standers, who most joyfully acted the spy and the traitor, this toast must have produced the most pleasant sensations, by incidentally fixing "the mind upon that personage," "whom our country delights to honor." If private pique elicited the paragraph referred to, it discovers a contemptible mind. If it were prompted by political aversion, it shows an abundant lack of good feelings and philanthropy; it grates harshly with the musical song of party-amalgamation. If mere wantonness drew it forth, it proves its author cruel enough to sport with what is dearer than life—with reputation.

CIMON.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.—We never are more struck with the difference between the habits and institutions of our own country, and those of Europe, than when we contrast the titles assumed by our public officers, with those conferred upon their favorites by the monarchs of the old world. By this comparison too, we may learn to what different objects the ambition of man is directed under different forms of government. While in a well organized republic, merit and talents are the chief passports to distinction, the subjects of the old and rotten monarchies of Europe seem to consider themselves *honorable*, just in proportion to the number of high sounding epithets they are entitled to attach to their names. These ideas were suggested by reading the preamble to the late Treaty between the United States and his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. The President of the U. S. is declared to have named, as his plenipotentiary, "HENRY MONROE, a Citizen of said States;" and the Emperor, on his part, is said to have nominated "his beloved and faithful CHARLES ROBERT Count of NESSELDORF, actual Privy Counsellor, Member of the Council of State, Secretary of State directing the administration of Foreign Affairs, actual Chamberlain, Knight of the order of St. Alexander Nevsky, Grand Cross of the order of St. Vladimir of the first class, Knight of that of the White Eagle of Poland, Grand Cross of the order of St. Stephen of Hungary, Knight of the orders of the Holy Ghost and of St. Michael, and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor of France, Knight Grand Cross of the orders of the Black and of the Red Eagle of Prussia, of the Annunciation of Sardinia, of Charles III. of Spain, of St. Ferdinand and of Merit of Naples, of the Elephant of Denmark, of the Polar Star of Sweden, of the Crown of Wirtemberg, of the Guelphs of Hanover, of the Belge Lion, of Fidelity of Baden and of St. Constantine of Parma!"

Hallowell Advocate.

DEATH SLOOP-OF-WAR.—His Netherlands Majesty's Sloop-of-war PALLAS, Captain J. C. RYK, came up from quarantine roads, where she arrived on Monday afternoon, and anchored off the end of Long Wharf, on Tuesday, P. M. In passing Fort Independence she fired a salute of 17 guns which was returned from the Castle. The Pallas is from Rotterdam via Falmouth, (Eng.) which latter place she left on the 18th June. She brought as passenger the DUKE BERNARD of SAXE-WEIMAR, who intends making a tour of the United States, and has taken lodgings at the Exchange Coffee-House. She also has on board about forty young officers, and is on a cruise to perfect the nautical knowledge of them, her officers and crew. Her crew consists of 100 men, and she mounts 20 twenty-four pound carronades. Her appearance is very creditable both to the nation to which she belongs and to the officers and crew. A number of our citizens who have visited her remarked the very neat and orderly appearance of the vessel.

We understand from Capt. RYK that it is the practice

of his government to send annually two or three ships on similar excursions. He will go from this port to New-York, &c. and will then visit Madeira. *Boston Statesman.*

Fashionable Movements.—His Excellency J. Rangan Huggens, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of H. M. the King of the Netherlands, his Lady, five daughters, his Secretary of Legation and suite, have arrived at New-York, and taken lodgings at the City Hotel.

His Excellency Mr. Penderon, the Danish Minister, with Lady and attendants, arrived in this city on Wednesday, from Saratoga Springs, and have taken rooms at the Exchange Coffee-House.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and Capt. J. C. Ryk, commandant of H. N. M. sloop-of-war Pallas, who arrived on Monday, have also taken lodgings at the Exchange Coffee-House. *Am. Traveller.*

Escape from a Pirate.—A Dutch ship arrived recently at Havana, succeeded in beating off a piratical launch, with about 20 men on board, when near Matanzas. The Captain reserved his fire until the piratical vessel was nearly alongside, when he opened his broadside and musketry upon them, which killed ten men, and wounded two or three; the wind being light enabled the remainder to escape.

The Bishop of Havana has effected his escape from arrest, and has fled to New-Orleans, whence he proposes to come to Mexico. The interest which the public in Havana took in favor of this respectable victim of the rage of the atrocious Ferdinand, must doubtless have aided in facilitating his escape. *Louisiana Adv.*

The U. S. schr. Porpoise, Lt Com. Parker, is now cruising in the Bay of Fundy, for the protection of the fishermen in that vicinity.

The store of Messrs. William & John Cummings, in Dartmouth, (Ma.) was robbed last week of goods to the amount of \$3 to \$4,000. A part of the goods have since been recovered; probably to the amount of \$1,000.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Established by Act of Congress, passed March 3d, 1825.

For a Single Letter composed of one piece of paper.

Miles.	Cts.
For any distance not exceeding 30	6
Over 30 miles, and not exceeding 80	10
Over 80 do. and not exceeding 150	12 1-2
Over 150 do. and not exceeding 400	18 3-4
Over 400 do.	25

Double Letters, or those composed of two pieces of paper, are charged with double those rates.

Triple Letters, or those composed of three pieces of paper, are charged with triple those rates.

Letters composed of more than three pieces of paper, are charged with but-triple postage, unless they weigh together one ounce avoirdupois, in which case they are charged with quadruple postage, and at the rate of quadruple postage for each ounce according to their weight; their contents of whatever articles they may be composed, are always included in the weight on which postage is charged; but no packet of letters conveyed by water mails shall be charged with more than quadruple postage, unless the same shall contain more than four distinct letters.

Newspaper Postage.

Cts.
For each Newspaper carried not over 100 miles, 1
Over 100 miles, 1 1-2
But if carried to any office in the State in which it is printed, whatever the distance may be, the rate is - 1

Pamphlet Postage.

Cts.
Pamphlets published periodically, not exceeding 100 miles, 1 1-2 cts. per sheet.
Over 100 miles, 2 1-2 do. do.
Pamphlets not published periodically, not exceeding 100 miles, 4 do. do.
Over 100 miles, 6 do. do.

Letters to Canada, can be forwarded through the agents of the United States at Kingston, Upper Canada, and Montreal, Lower Canada; whether the postages are paid or unpaid.

LINCOLN COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

For Member of Congress.

Hon. EBENEZER HERRICK,
Hon. DANIEL ROSE,
ALBERT SMITH, Esq.

For Senators.

Hon. JONAS WHEELER,
Hon. STEPHEN PARSONS,
Hon. JOSIAH STEBBINS,
Hon. NATH'L GREEN.

DAVID C. BURR, Esq.
EBEN. D. ROBINSON, Esq.
HEZEKIAH PRINCE, Esq.
JOHN MILLER, Esq.

County Treasurer—Wm. M. Boyd, Esq.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

A Convention of the Republicans of Oxford County, will be holden at the Court-house in Paris, on Wednesday the 24th day of August next, at 6 o'clock, P. M. for the purpose of designating the Candidates for Senators, &c. for said County the ensuing year. Each town and plantation will send one Delegate—and such towns as send a Representative, will send two each.

By order of the County Committee.
July 14.

Married.

In Wicasset, Mr. James Pinckham to Miss Hespera Sawyer.
In Dresden, Dr. John Hubbard, of Dinwiddie county, Virginia, to Miss Sarah, daughter of Mr. Oliver Barrett.
In South Berwick, Me. Mr. Lucius Q. C. Nason to Miss Sarah W. Garland.
In Waterville, Dr. Clark Lillibridge, of Anson, to Miss Climeia Smith.—Mr. Josiah Holland to Miss Josephine Wright.
In New-York, Mr. Sidney Augustus Holly, of Stamford, Conn. to Miss Eliza Hamilton, daughter of the late Gen. Hamilton.

Died.

In Livermore, Mr. Benjamin Park, (formerly of Lincoln, Massachusetts,) aged 92 years.
In Portland harbor, drowned, on Sunday morning last, by the upsetting of a boat near White head, Mr. Richard M. Foss, aged about 21, recently from Stratford, N. H.
In Bowdoin, Me. Henry Snow, Esq. aged 45.
In Belfast, Dr. Herman Abbot, in the 42d year of his age, a native of Wiltou, (N. H.) and for fifteen years a practicing Physician in that town.
In Belfast, Mrs. Eunice Hall, wife of Mr. Ziba Hall, aged 54. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in that village. As a wife, mother, neighbor and friend, she sustained the highest of all characters—that of a Christian. As she lived the life, so, to all human appearance, she died the death of the righteous;—calm, submissive, and resigned to the will of the Great Creator.
In Boston, on the 21st ult. Hon. Thomas Dawes, Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk, aged 68. Perished by drowning on the 4th ult. Daniel, aged 24—Joseph, aged 22—Benjamin, aged 15—and David, aged 14—all brothers, and sons of Mr. James Griffing, of Southold, N. Y. To be stripped in one short hour of four such invaluable and promising sons, is a calamity almost too great for a tender father and an affectionate mother to support. *Pity me, pity me, Oh! my friends! for the hand of God hath touched me!* With these amiable youth, who were in two smacks, off Cape May, (both of which sunk, and are entirely lost,) perished also Mr. James Beebe, and his eldest son, aged 14—Mr. Joel King, aged 25, an uncommonly active and agreeable young man—and Mr. Horace Clark, aged 20.
In Littleton, on the 20th ult. much lamented, Capt. Allen Nye, of the order of Free-masons, formerly of Sandwich, Mass. aged 61 years. He has left a wife and eleven children to mourn his loss, all of whom loved him to the grave.
In New-London, John Mumford, Esq. aged 85.
In Sterling, on the 14th ult. Miss Eliza Putnam, aged 20 years.—On the 11th ult. very suddenly, Solomon Houghton, son of the late Benjamin Houghton, aged 17.
In Templeton, on the 21st, Adam Jones, aged 65.
In Sutton, on the 12th ult. very suddenly, Mr. Silas Carlton, aged 47. His death was occasioned by the heat.

PRINTING.

The Subscriber having received an addition of
New & Handsome Type,

IS NOW PREPARED TO PRINT

BOOKS, SHOP BILLS,
PAMPHLETS, CARDS,
HANDBILLS, BLANKS, &c.

IN HANDSOME STYLE,

AND ON THE MOST

FAVORABLE TERMS.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate, &c. Commissioners to examine the claims of creditors, to the estate of

SILAS POWERS,
late of Howard's Gore, in the County of Oxford, deceased, represented insolvent—do hereby give notice, that six months are allowed, from the 14th day of June instant, to said creditors, to bring in and prove their claims, and that they will attend to the same at the house of EZRA SMITH, in said Howard's Gore, on the second Wednesdays of September and December next, from two to five o'clock, P. M.
EZRA SMITH,
BARRETT HOWARD, } Commissioners.
Howard's Gore, June 29, 1825. 57 3w

ASA BARTON,

AGENT,

AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE,
HAS for sale a good assortment of BIBLES and TESTAMENTS, Watts', Winchell's, Colby's, Smith & Jones', and Springer's HYMN BOOKS.

—ALSO—
Life of James Otis—Thatcher's Journal of the American Revolution—Morse's Annals of the Revolution—Works of the late Robert Treat Paine—Porter's Journal in the Pacific Ocean—Chataubriand's Recollections—Humboldt's History of New Spain—Brackenridge's History of South American—Park's Journal—History of Maine—Ecclesiastical Sketches of Maine—Hobhouse's Travels in Albania—Tonga Islands—Labrebe's Visit to South Africa—Robertson's History of America—Johnson's Travels.

—LIKEWISE—
A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
SCHOOL AND CLASSICAL BOOKS,
used in this section of the State.

—TOGETHER—
WITH MOST ARTICLES IN THE
STATIONARY LINE.
All of which he has instructions to sell at the lowest prices for cash, or good CLEAV
COTTON AND LINEN RAGS.
Paris, August 4.

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE Fall Term in Hebron Academy, will commence on the 17th day of August next, under the tuition of Mr. SIMON PERKINS, A. B. who taught the school the last term, much to the satisfaction of the Superintending Committee, and of the students; therefore youths of both sexes, whose object is instruction on moderate terms, are again invited to this Seminary.
JOHN TRIPP, Secretary.
July 19, 1825. 56 3w

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has taken the shop of Mr. Jacob Jackson, and will carry on the

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS
in all its usual branches. Work of every description wanted in the country will be done at the shortest notice. EDGE TOOLS made and repaired. Customers will at all times find him at his shop, and no exertion will be spared to give perfect satisfaction.
CYRUS B. NORRIS.
Paris, July 16, 1825. 55 1f

JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE,
Lacroix's and Euler's Algebra; Lacroix's Arithmetic, &c.
Aug. 4.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Lines written in a Lady's Album.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

There is a charm to mortals given,
Tho' few there are that feel its power:
'Twill calm the heart by sorrow riven;
'Twill smooth misfortune's hour;—

Its thrill is felt alone by those,
Whose tastes and feelings are the same;
In hearts like these it glows,
And burns, a quenchless flame.

'Hast thou e'er felt, Oh, lady fair,
The thrill of friendship in thy breast?
'Hast thou a friend whose soothing care
Will give alone to life a zest?—

'Who weeps, to see thee shed a tear,
Who smiles, when thou art blest,
Whose friendship, pure and sincere,
Would of misfortune stand the test.

With such a friend thy course to cheer
O'er life's tempestuous ocean,
The storms of fate thou needst not fear,
For calm will be the heart's communion.

Portland. K.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. BARTON—The following pieces are the production of leisure hours. If you give them a place in your paper, it may be an incitement to the muse of CORINNA.

The sentiment contained in the following lines on the Nougay, is supposed to have been expressed by a Nougay, composed of flowers and full-blown roses, containing in its centre an unblown bud with a thistle-leaf, presented by a Miss to a young man.

THE NOSEGAY.

This Nougay does to you explain,
A thistle guards my heart;
For Cupid's arrow caus'd a pain
Which never does depart.

Though with prudence I am possess'd
Of full a common share;
It is by this I have confess'd;
'Tis you that's welcome there.

Though this is now a blushing rose,
A while you it retain;
Its leaves, like beauty all will close,
Its fragrance will remain.

Thus love to you shall never cease,
Through poverty nor pains,
Though all my outward charms should cease,
My heart the same remains.

The preceding lines are supposed to be the answer returned, with the Nougay, after Miss proved inconstant:

Take back this rose, this mocking pledge
Of your inconstant love;
Give back my heart, 'tis all in vain,
If fate does not approve.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

TO APPELLEA.

Inconstant girl, I condescend,
And waste a feeble breath,
To show that you a promise made,
Which binds my own till death.

For you a sacred promise made,
The same you'll now confess;
If pardon'd for neglect that's past,
You'd pay with tenderness.

Your tenderness I have receiv'd,
'Tis mine, and hate and scorn;
By flattery words you did deceive;
Now back your brows adorn.

Your friends are all my enemies,
The cause is plainly seen;
Deceitful did you act with me,
With them you've acted mean.

If conscience ever cries aloud,
It is within your breast:—
'Confess thy fault and be absolv'd:
'Till then I ne'er shall rest."

FIDELIO.

From the New-York Athenaeum Magazine.

A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Come take our boy, and we will go,
Before our cabin door;
The winds shall bring us as they blow,
'He murmurs of the shore;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I will sing him as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore:
'I'll sing, in his delighted ear,
The island songs thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shall teach;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet,
Than my own native speech;
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty years ago,
Upon Teke's beach,
'Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet;
Ah! well for me they won thy gaze,—
But thine were fairer yet!
I'm glad to see my infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
And when my sight is met
By his white brow and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come, talk of Europe's maids with me,
Whose necks and cheeks they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
White foam and crimson shell.
I'll shape like their's my simple dress,
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee yet;
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet, like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls,
We love the pleasant hours;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls,
That stand at among the flowers.
And I will learn of thee a prayer,
To him, who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours—
The God who made, for thee and me,
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

B.

REVEREND wants less said about the theory, and more done in the way of practice.

VARIETY.

[We suspect that the following article was written by some Bachelor, or other gentle-man, who had to walk up to the tune of ONE or TWO THOUSAND NOUGAYS, for a breach of promise with some fair Daughter of Eve. But, certainly, prosecutions for breaches of this kind, in many instances, do not add much to the reputation of the fair plaintiffs.—En. OBSERVER.]

From the National Intelligencer.
CHASTITY.

CHASTITY is the most precious of all the jewels possessed by the fair sex; and as it is most venerated by the other sex, our laws and customs should be rigidly severe in protecting it in its purity.

But is this the case at present? I think not; and so far from encouraging that purity, our customs have a tendency to promote a kind of demi-prostitution among our young women.

Seduction, I admit, ought to be severely punished; but then, that charge should, in justice, be confined to two cases only: one, to that of a wife, and the other to that of a false or pretended marriage. But, in all other cases, where the female voluntarily consents to bargain away her honor and chastity, for a mere promise of marriage, six cents is higher damages than she deserves.

Every young woman, (I will not disgrace the name by saying, lady,) who admits the embraces of a man, under the mere promise of marriage, is, in my opinion, a demirep in heart, and only lacks opportunities to give full scope to her passions; and uses the stale promise of marriage as a cloak to cover her wanton desires. And so long as she escapes pregnancy, will never think of suing her gallant for the loss of her cheap honor. If the danger of pregnancy, and the consequent loss of character, is not a sufficient check for a maid, the marriage-knot will be a more feeble bar to libidinous desires, during every absence of her husband. And I would as soon think of being wedded to a lecherous she-wolf, as to a woman of that character. Whenever, therefore, I am on a jury of this kind, I never consent to more than six cents damages; but, in the case of a wife, or that of an actual but pretended marriage, I would consent to bleed the villain as far as the last cent he was worth, or ever would be.

Indeed, there is more danger of our young men being seduced, by the art of a pretty wanton girl, who is watching for a decent excuse and opportunity to part with her honor, (forgive the profanation!) than there is from the male sex.

If the friends of virtue and true chastity would unite, and draw a line of distinction between the votaries of pure chastity and that demirep chastity which has become a kind of trade and traffic, or a kind of game of shuttlecock, where the female stakes her honor, virtue, and a breach of all the laws of modesty, against a simple, rotten promise of marriage; then we should find no woman so brazen as to venture into a Court of Justice, and demand redress for imaginary grievances of her own creating; whereas, the present practice of allowing damages to girls of such character, has a direct tendency to encourage the increase of such mock chastity. Instead of meriting our sympathy, they richly deserve our contempt.

These remarks are not intended to apply to breaches of promise of marriage not attended by this kind of demi-prostitution. SENECA.
Virginia, July 7.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

The pleasantest part of man's life is that which passes in courtship. Love, desire, hope, and all the pleasing emotions of the soul arise in the pursuit. An artful man is more likely to succeed than the sincere lover. The lover hath ten thousand griefs, impertinences, and resentments, which render a man unamiable, and often ridiculous. When the choice is left to friends the chief point is an estate. Where the persons choose for themselves, their thoughts turn upon the person. The first would provide for the convenience of life; the others are preparing for a perpetual feast. An agreeable woman is preferable to a perfect beauty. Good nature, and evenness of temper, will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband. Of all disparities, that in humor makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters our thoughts in contradicting them. Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person he loved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superstitious. Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery. A marriage of love is pleasant; of interest, easy; and where both meet, happy only to those who tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

N. Y. Mirror.

One day the facetious John Philpot Curran, did me the honor to meet him at dinner.—To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents, as it may be easily imagined; and O'Leary versus Curran, was no bad match. One day after dinner, Curran said to him, 'Reverend Father, I wish that you were Saint Peter.' And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I was Saint Peter, asked O'Leary. 'Because, Reverend Father, in that case you would have the keys of Heaven, and you could let me in.' 'By my honor and conscience, Counsellor, replied the divine, 'it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out.' Curran enjoyed the jokes, which he admitted had a good deal of reason in it.

A worthless man, a worthy wife once had,
Who left her off expos'd; her case was sad.
How can you leave me thus, and be so much a stranger?
O! he replied, my Dear—naught, not in danger;
But yet, said she, I wish you would reflect,
Nought's wife full often is, through your neglect.
Communicated.

SINGULAR DIALOGUE.

When we remark that the following facetious dialogue, extracted from a very scarce work, is from the admirable pen of the late Dr. Sheridan, of literary memory, we say enough to induce the reader to peruse it with attention. The author was on a visit to a distant relation, a sprightly female, who had been married about ten years. Her husband was a bon vivant who loved the bottle, and provided he could enjoy the present moment, never thought of the next. We were introduced, (says the author,) and found the table covered with excellent viands, and a bottle of sparkling champagne. This sunshine was for a moment darkened by an envious cloud which sometimes darkens the matrimonial sky—even the most serene.—When the husband entered, the following conversation commenced." Mr. Sheridan calls it

"A RECEIPT TO BREW A STORM."

Husband. Woman—aye!
Wife. You are always railing at our sex.

H. And without a reason?
W. Without either rhyme, or reason: you'd be miserable beings without us, for all that.

H. Sometimes; there's no general rule without an exception; I could name some very good women.

W. Without the head, I suppose?
H. With a head, and with a heart too.

W. That's a wonder.
H. It would be a still greater, if I could not; for instance, there's Mrs. Dawson, the best of wives; always at home, whenever you call, always neat and clean, sober and discreet.

W. I wish you were tied to her! Always at home! the greatest gossip in the parish, she may well smile, she has nothing to ruffle her temper: neat and clean, she has nothing to do but to keep herself so; sober, she can take a glass as well as her neighbors; discreet, that's another word—but I detest scandal; I'm surprised you don't say she is handsome!

H. So she is in my eyes.

W. You're a fine eye, to be sure; you're an excellent judge of beauty; what do you think of her nose?

H. She is a fine woman in spite of her nose.

W. Fine feathers make fine fowls; she can paint her withered cheeks, and pencil her eyebrows.

H. You can do the same, if you please.

W. My cheeks do not want paint, nor my eyebrows penciling.

H. True: the rose of beauty is on your cheeks, and your brow is the brow of Cupid.

W. You once thought so; but that moving mammy, Molly Dawson, is your favorite. She's—let me see—no gossip; and yet she's found in every house but her own; she is so silent, too, when she has all the clack to herself, her tongue is as thin as a sixpence with talking; with a pair of eyes burnt in the socket, and painted panels too; and then, as to scandal—but her tongue's no scandal!

H. Take care, there's such a thing as standing in a white sheet.

W. By—! you would provoke a saint!

H. You seem to be getting into a passion.

W. Is it a wonder? A white sheet! You ought to be tossed in a blanket. Handsome! I can't forget that word; my charms are lost upon such a senseless fellow as you.

H. The charms of your tongue?

W. Don't provoke me, or I'll fling this dish at your head.

H. Well, I have done.

W. But I have not done; I wish I had drowned myself the first day I saw you.

H. It is not too late.

W. I'd see you hung first.

H. You'd be the first to cut me down.

W. Then I ought to be tied up in your stead.

H. I'd cut you down.

W. You would?

H. Yes, but I'd take care you were dead first.

W. I can't bear this any longer!

H. Then it is time for me to withdraw; I see by your eyes that the storm is collecting.

W. And it shall burst on your head.

H. I'll save my head, if I can. A good retreat is better than a bad battle.—(Husband dies: the dish after him.)

BACON THE SCULPTOR.—Bacon was remarkably neat in his dress, and according to the costume of the old school, wore, in fine weather, a powdered wig, ruffles, silver buckles, with white silk stockings, &c. and walked with his golden-headed cane. Thus attired, he one day called at St. Paul's, shortly after having erected the statue of the benevolent Howard, and before the boarding, which enclosed the statue, was removed. One of his sons was employed at the time in finishing the statue. After remaining here a short time, he complained of feeling somewhat cold; on which the son proposed, as no one could overlook them, that he should put on, as a kind of temporary spencer, an old, torn, green, shag waistcoat, with a red stuff back, which had been left there by one of the workmen. He said it was "a good thought," and accordingly buttoned the waistcoat over his handsome new coat. Shortly afterwards he was missing, but returned in about an hour, stating that he had been to call on a gentleman in Doctor's Commons, and had sat chatting with his wife and daughters, who he had never seen before; that he found them to be exceedingly pleasant women, though perhaps a little too much disposed to laugh and titter about he knew not what. "Sir," said his son, "I am afraid I can explain their mysterious behaviour—surely you have not kept on that waistcoat all this time?" "But as sure as I am a living man, I have," said he, laughing heartily; "and I can now account not only for the strange behaviour of the ladies, but for all the jokes that have been cracked about me as I walked along the street, some persons hooting, others crying, let him alone, he does it for a wager, &c.—all which, from being quite unconscious of my appearance, I thought was levelled at some other quizz that might be following near me; and I now recollect that whenever I looked around to discover the object of their pleasantry the people laughed, and the more so, as, by the mere force of sympathy, I laughed also, although I could not imagine what it all meant."

A lady, who is a strong advocate for the rights of women, being lately engaged in a dispute with a gentleman, asserted that an army of women would be, in every respect, competent to take the field against an army of men, adding "Suppose I had the command of 10,000 women each of whom had received a military education, and you commanded an army of men equal in numbers, how would you get an advantage superior to what you might obtain over the same number of men?" "Madam," replied he, "I would keep from a general engagement. I would make propositions of peace, and during the treaty, the male and female officers and soldiers must frequently meet to settle the conditions. The consequence would be, that at the end of eight or nine months, when all of you ought to be in the field, you would be in the arms."

A country gentleman asked his son, who was at College, what was meant by a Bachelor of Arts? "One," said the student, "who woots the arts but never weds them."

A noble Duke, who was much addicted to the bottle, on a masquerade night asked Foote, with whom he was intimate, what new character he should go in? "Go sober," said Foote.

On Tuesday last, a party of sailors belonging to His Majesty's ship Salisbury, just arrived from the Halifax station, were walking up Point-street, Portsmouth, rather elated with a heavy wet, a bull, which had escaped from the King's slaughter-house, came running towards the jolly tars, with his tail erect in the air, when all the men jumped out of his way except one, and he being an immense sturdy fellow, stood in the street, directly in the way of the bull, and hailed him in the following words: "Bull, ahoy! bull, ahoy! I say; drop your peak and put your helm a starboard, or you'll run aboard of me!" The bull continuing his course came in contact with Jack, and capsized him; but Jack, not being intimidated, sprang from the ground, and shaking his clothes, very good naturedly observed to the bull, "Oh you lubberly beast, I told you how it would be."—English paper.

Mr. Curran being asked "what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue?" answered, "I suppose he is trying to catch the English accent."

At an eclipse of the sun, at which Louis XV. was to be present, M. de Jolville said to M. Casini, as the King was rather later than the time fixed, "Must we not wait for the King to begin the eclipse?"

A Greek Bishop is stated by a modern traveller thus to characterize his own church:—"One half the Greek church has no religion at all; and those who have any are worse than the others."

AGENTS FOR THE OBSERVER.

Subscriptions for the Oxford Observer will be received by the following gentlemen, and the papers forwarded agreeably to the directions given.

Andover.....JAMES F. BRAGG, Esq.
Belth.....MR. MOSES BARTLETT.
Buckfield.....CAPT. AARON PARSONS.
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SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of BENJAMIN BUCKNELL, in Hiram, on Saturday the sixth day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon—all the right, title, interest and possession which ISRAEL BURBANK, of said Hiram, has in and to about three acres of Land with a house thereon, situated in Hiram aforesaid; being a part of the lot now owned by Alpheus Spring; together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging.
BENJ. BUCKNELL, Deputy Sheriff.
Hiram, July 4, 1825. 54 3w*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday the 20th day of August next, at two o'clock, P. M. at the house of STEPHEN HEALD, in Lovell—all the Right in Equity which MOSES HUTCHINS, of Lovell, has of redeeming the Farm on which he lives, in said Lovell, under the incumbrance of a mortgage to Saco Bank.
ANDREW McMILLAN, Deputy Sheriff.
Fryeburg, 15th July, 1825.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, at the store of NATHANIEL HANLOW, Esq. in Buckfield, on SATURDAY the twenty-seventh day of August next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity, which SCOTT THOMBS, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, has of redeeming a certain parcel or tract of Land, situated in said Buckfield, and being the whole of lot numbered thirteen in the fourth Range, and west Second division of lots in said Buckfield; containing one hundred acres, be the same more or less.
ISAIAH WHITTEMORE, Deputy Sheriff.
Paris, July 16, 1825. 55 3w

MAINE CIVIL OFFICER.

JUST published, and for sale at the Oxford Book Store, THE
MAINE CIVIL OFFICER,
ON THE
POWERS AND DUTIES
OF
Sheriffs, Coroners, Constables, and Collectors
of Taxes;
With an Appendix,
Containing the necessary forms, and an abridgment of the law relative to the duties of
CIVIL OFFICERS.
BY JEREMIAH PERLEY,
Author of the Maine Justice, &c.
Price, \$1 25 cents.

July 14.

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEEVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction. Orders for any quantity executed at short notice.
Portland, Feb. 15.—tf 34

LOOK AT THIS!

BILLS on the HALLOWELL & AUGUSTA Bank, signed "THOMAS AGNEW, President,"—taken at a discount at the Oxford Book Store.
Paris, July 23.

THE OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
ASA BARTON,
For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

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